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"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—JESUS CHRIST.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN DR. FRANKLIN,

(WHEN A BOY) AND HIS FATHER.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 123.)

"Well, sir, as I was saying, not only the Jews and Heathens, but the Christians also have their fig-leaf substitutes for *Moral Goodness*. Because Christ has said that so great is the Divine Clemency, that if even the worst of men will but have faith in it as to repent and amend their lives by the golden law of 'love and good works,' they should be saved, many lazy Christians are fond of overlooking those excellent conditions, 'love and good works,' which constitute the moral image of the Deity, and fix upon the word *Faith* for their salvation."

"Well, but child, do you make no account of faith?"

"None, father, as a fig-leaf cloak of immorality."

"But is not faith a great virtue in itself and a qualification for heaven?"

"I think not, sir; I look on faith but as a means to beget *moral goodness*, which, to me, appears to be the only qualification for Heaven."

"I am astonished, child, to hear you say that faith is not a virtue in itself."

"Why, father, the Bible says that for me in a thousand places. The Bible says that *faith without good works is dead*."

"But does not the Bible, in a thousand places, say that without faith no man can please God?"

"Yes, father, and for the best reason in the world; for who can ever hope to please the Deity without his moral image? and who would ever put himself to the trouble to cultivate the virtues which form that image,

unless he had a belief that they were indispensable to the perfection and happiness of his nature?"

"So then you look on faith as no virtue in itself, and good for nothing, unless it exalt men to the likeness of God?"

"Yes, sir, as good for nothing unless it exalt us to the likeness of God—nay, as worse; as utterly vile and hypocritical."

"And perhaps you view in the same light the Imputed Righteousness, and Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper."

"Yes, father, faith, imputed righteousness, sacraments, prayers, sermons; all, all I consider as mere barren fig-leaves which will yield no good unless they ripen into the fruits of Benevolence and Good Works."

"Well, Ben, 'tis well you have taken a turn to the printing business; for I don't think, child, that if you had studied divinity, as your uncle Ben and myself once wished, you would ever have got a licence to preach."

"No, father, I know that well enough; I know that many who think themselves mighty good Christians, are for getting to heaven on easier terms than imitating the Deity in his moral goodness. To them, faith and imputed righteousness, and sacraments, and our looks, are very convenient things. With a good stock of these they can easily manage matters so as to make a little morality go a great way. But I am thinking they will have to back out of this error, otherwise they will make as bad a hand of their barren faith, as the poor Virginia negroes do of their boasted freedom."

"God's mercy, child, what do you mean by that?"

"Why, father, I am told that the Virginia negroes, like our faith-mongers, fond of ease and glad of soft substitutes to hard duties, are continually sighing for freedom; 'O if they had but freedom! if they had but freedom! how happy should they be! They should not then be obliged to work any more. Freedom would do every thing for them. Freedom would spread soft beds for them, and heap their tables with roast pigs, squealing out, 'come and eat me.' Freedom would give them fine jackets, and rivers of grog, and mountains of cigars and tobacco, without their sweating for it.' Well, by and by, they get their freedom; perhaps by running away from their masters. And now see what great things freedom has done for them. Why, as it is out of the question to think of work now they are free, they must give themselves up like gentlemen, to visiting, sleeping and pastime. In a little time the curses of hunger and nakedness

drive them to stealing and house-breaking, for which their backs are ploughed up at whipping posts, or their necks snapped under the gallows! and all this because they must needs live easier than by honest labour, which would have crowned their days with character and comfort. So father, it is, most exactly so it is, with too many of our *Faith-mongers*. They have not courage to practice those exalted virtues that would give them the moral likeness of the Deity. Oh no; they must get to heaven in some easier way. They have heard great things of faith. Faith, they are told, has done wonders for other people; why not for them? Accordingly they fall to work and after many a hard throes of fanaticism, they concert they have got faith enough. and now they are happy. Like the poor Virginian negroes, they are clear of all moral working now: thank God they can get to heaven without it: yes, and may take some indulgences, by the way, into the bargain. If, as jovial fellows, they should waste their time and family substance, in drinking rum and smoking tobacco, what's the harm, an't they sound believers? if they should, as merchants, send their sugar, or water their molasses, what great matter is that? Don't they keep up family prayer? If, as men of honor, they should accept a challenge, and receive a shot in a duel, what of that? They have only to send for a priest and take the sacrament. Thus, father, as freedom has proved the ruin of many a Virginian negro, so I am afraid that such faith as this has made many an hypocritical christian, ten times more a child of the devil than he was before."

Good old Josias, who, while Ben was speaking at this rate, had appeared much agitated, sometimes frowning, sometimes smiling, here replied, with a deep sigh, "Yes, Ben, this is all too true to be denied; and a sad thing it is that mankind should be so ready, as you observe, to go to heaven in any other way than by imitating God in his moral likeness. But I rejoice in hope of you, my son, that painting this lamentable depravity in such strong colours as you do, you will ever act on wiser and more magnanimous principles."

"Father, I don't affect to be better than other young men, yet I think I can safely say, that if I could get to heaven by playing the hypocrite, I would not, while I have it in my choice to get thither by acquiring the virtues that would give me a resemblance to God. For to say nothing of the exceeding honour of acquiring even the faintest resemblance of him; nor yet of the immense

happiness which it must afford hereafter, I find that even here, and young as I am, the least step towards it, affords a greater pleasure than any thing else; indeed I find that there is so much more pleasure in getting knowledge to resemble the Creator, than living in ignorance to resemble brutes; so much more pleasure in benevolence and doing good to resemble him, than in hate and doing harm to resemble demons, that I hope I shall always have wisdom and fortitude sufficient even for my own sake, to spend my life in getting all the useful knowledge, and in doing all the little good I possibly can."

"God Almighty confirm my son in the wise resolutions which his grace has enabled him thus early to form!"

"Yes, father, and besides all this, when I look towards futurity; when I consider the nature of that felicity which exists in heaven: that it is a felicity flowing from the smiles of the Deity, on those excellent spirits, whom his own admonitions have adorned with the virtues that resemble himself: that the more perfect their virtues, the brighter will be his smiles upon them, with correspondent emanations of bliss that may, for what we know, be for ever enlarged with their ever enlarging understandings and affections; I say, father, when I have it in my choice to attain to all this in a way so pleasant and honourable as that of imitating the Deity in wisdom and goodness, should I not be worse than mad to decline it on such terms, and prefer substitutes that would tolerate me in ignorance and vice?"

"Yes, child, I think you would be mad indeed."

"Yes, father, especially when it is recollected, that if the ignorant and vicious could, with all their pains, find out substitutes that would serve as passports to heaven, they could not rationally expect a hearty welcome there. For as the Deity delights in the wise and good, because they resemble him in those qualities which render him so amiable and happy, and would render all his creatures so too; so he must proportionably abhor the stupid and vicious, because deformed with qualities diametrically opposite to his own, and tending to make both themselves and others most vile and miserable."

"This is awfully true, Ben; for the Bible tells us, that the wicked are an abomination to the Lord; but that the righteous are his delight."

"Yes, father, and this is the language not only of the Bible, which is, perhaps, the grand class book of the Deity, but it is also the language of his first-born book, I mean reason, which teaches, that if 'there be a God, and that there is, all nature cries aloud through all her works, he must delight in virtue,' because most clearly conducive to the perfection of mankind; which must be the chief aim and glory of the Deity in cre-

ating them. And for the same reason he must abhor vice, because tending to the disgrace and destruction of his creatures. Hence, father, I think it follows as clearly as a demonstration in the mathematics, that if it were possible for bad men, through faith, imputed righteousness, or any other leaf-covering, to get to Paradise, so far from the Deity, they would be struck speechless at sight of their horrible dissimilarity to him. For while he delights above all things in giving life, and the duellist glories in destroying it; while he delights in heaping his creatures with good things, and the gambler triumphs in stripping them; while he delights in seeing love and smiles among brethren, and the slanderer in promoting strifes and hatreds; while he delights in exalting the intellectual and moral faculties to the highest degree of heavenly wisdom and virtue, and the drunkard delights in polluting and degrading both below the brutes; what cordiality can ever subsist between such opposite natures? Can infinite purity and benevolence behold such monsters with complacency, or could they in his presence otherwise than be filled with intolerable pain and anguish, and fly away as weak-eyed owls from the blaze of the meridian sun?"

"Well, Ben, as I said before, I am richly rewarded for having drawn you into this conversation about religion; your language indeed is not always the language of the scriptures; neither do you rest your hopes, as I could have wished, on the Redeemer, but still your idea in placing our qualification for heaven in resembling God in moral goodness, is truly evangelical, and I hope you will one day become a great christian."

"I thank you, father, for your good wishes; but I am afraid I shall never be the christian you wish me to be."

"What, not a christian?"

"No, father; at least not in the name but in the nature I hope to become a christian. And now father as we part to-morrow, and there is a strong presentiment on my mind that it may be a long time before we meet again, I beg you to believe of me that I shall never lose sight of my great obligations to an active pursuit of knowledge and usefulness. This, if persevered in, will give some humble resemblance of the great author of my being in loving and doing all the good I can to mankind. And if I live, I hope, my dear father, I shall give you the joy to see realized some of the fond expectations you have formed of me. And if I should die, I shall die in hope of meeting you in some better world, where you will no more be alarmed for my welfare, nor I grieved to see you conflicting with age, labour and sorrow; but where we may see in each other all that we can conceive of what we call *Angels*, and in scenes of undeserved splendour, dwell with those enlightened and benevolent spirits, whose conversation and perfect virtues will forever delight us. And where, to crown

all, we shall perhaps, at times, be permitted to see that unutterable Being, whose disinterested goodness, was the spring of all these felicities."

Thus ended this curious dialogue, between one of the most amiable parents, and one of the most acute and sagacious youths that our country, or perhaps any other has ever produced.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

The angel of slumber and the angel of death fraternally locked in each other's arms, wandered over the earth.

It was evening—they reclined upon a hill side, and the habitations of men were not far off; and a sad stillness pervaded the air, and the evening bell of the village was hushed.—Still and silent, as is their manner, the two beneficent Genii of mankind reposed in a mournful embrace, and night came rapidly on.

Then the angel of slumber rose from his mossy couch, and softly scattered from his hand, the invincible slumber seeds. The wind of night wafted them to the quiet dwellings of the wearied husbandmen, and forthwith sweet sleep descended upon the inhabitants of the cottages, from the grey haired sire to the cradled infant. The sick man forgot his pains; the unhappy his sorrows; the poor his cares—every eye was closed.

And now his benign labours being ended, the kind angel of slumber again lay down by the side of his thoughtful brother and said cheerfully, "When the red morning awakes, then will mankind bless me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! how sweet is it to do good and in secret! how delightful is our duty!"

Thus spoke the friendly angel of slumber—the angel of death looked upon him with silent sorrow, and a tear such as immortals shed, gathered in his large dark eye. "Alas!" said he "that I cannot, like thyself, rejoice in their gratitude; the earth calls me her enemy, and the disturber of her peace."

"My brother," replied the angel of slumber, "will not the good when they awake own thee as their friend and benefactor; and will they not bless thee? Are we not brothers, and messengers of our father?"

Thus he spake—the eye of the death angel sparkled, and he clasped his brother more fondly in his embrace.

ROGER WILLIAMS,

The father of Providence Plantation, was born in Wales, in 1599, and was educated at the university of Oxford. After having been for some time a minister in the church of England, his non-conformity induced him to seek religious liberty in America. He arrived at Boston, February 5, 1631. In April, he was chosen an assistant to Mr. Skelton in the ministry of Salem, and after his death was the sole minister of the church.

In 1635, in consequence of his peculiar sentiments and puritanic zeal, the sentence of banishment was passed upon him. He went to Seekhonck, now called Rehoboth. He afterwards fixed upon Mooshausick, which he named Providence, in acknowledgment of God's goodness to him. He purchased the land of the Indians, and while he enjoyed liberty of conscience himself, he granted it to others. Having embraced the sentiments of the baptists, he was baptized in March, 1639, by one of his brethren; and he then baptized ten others.

As the founder of one of the provinces, and a writer in favour of civil and religious freedom, he was more bold, just, and liberal than any other who appeared in that generation.

Many would smile at seeing the name of Roger Williams enrolled with the legislators of ancient times, or with the statesmen of modern Europe, or with such a man as Penn, whose steps were more majestic upon the theatre of the great world; but this man was equal to conducting the affairs of this infant colony as well as if a complete system of legislation was formed; and, as a mediator between the aborigines and the colonists, if he were the instrument of preserving the peace, of teaching the Indians some of the arts of life, and of illuminating the minds of the heathen with the light of christianity, he is certainly worthy of more credit, than some mighty hunters of the earth, or those sages whose maxims have made men fierce and revengeful, and caused human blood to flow in streams.

He died in April, 1683, at the age of 84 years.

His memory is deserving of lasting honour for the correctness of his opinions respecting liberty of conscience, and for the generous toleration which he established.—So superiour was he to the meanness of revenge, and such was his magnanimity, that he exerted all his influence with the Indians in favour of Massachusetts, and ever evinced the greatest friendship for the colony from which he had been driven.

His talents were of a superior order. In the religious doctrines, which he embraced, he seems to have been remarkably consistent. The scriptures he read in the originals. He published a key to the language of the Indians of New-England, octavo, 1643; Truth and Peace, 1644. In this book are disclosed sentiments which have been admired in the writings of Milton and Funeaux. His ideas of toleration he carried further than Mr. Locke, but not beyond the generality of dissenters in England.

A Turk's thoughts on Imprisonment for Debt.

A captain of a trading ship being not long since in the city of Constantinople, lodged in the house of a sea-faring Turk. One day he observed to the musselman, that in all his

walks through the immense city of Constantinople and its suburbs, he had not seen any thing like a jail for imprisonment of debtors. Christian dog! said the disciple of Mahomet, do you suppose we are so debased as to copy the Nazarine policy? We take care to strip a debtor of all his property, as far as it will go, to pay his just debts; but there we leave him; we instantly turn him loose to begin the world again. The believers in our prophet are above shutting up their fellow men in cages in order to starve, persecute and torment them. We make a distinction between a man and a rat. I have been in several of the Nazarine Christian cities, and never looked at a debtors' prison without horror, as a place where man is degraded to the condition of a rat!

A curate of great learning and merit, but without any prospect of preferment, found an opportunity of preaching before Bishop Horne, who was so well pleased with his discourse and manner of delivery that, after service, he sent his compliments to him, desiring to know his name, and where his living was. 'My duty to his lordship,' replied the clergyman, 'and tell him my name is Lewis—that living I have none; but my starving is in Wales.' This smart answer did not displease the good bishop, who some time after, presented him a valuable benefice.

RELIGION.

"The duties of religion are perhaps generally too much confined to certain rites and ceremonies, which are not so essential as many duties of life, which in many cases are neglected, by those who are uncommonly punctual in observing religious ceremonies. These suggestions seem to be countenanced by our Saviour's rebuke to the Pharisees who paid tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, but omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith.

"The duty of prayer, is, in general, more urged by those to whom the people look for religious instruction, than the duty of providing comfortable food and raiment for our children. In relation to this, it may be said, this ought ye to have done, and not left the other undone. But it is often said of a man, he is a good moralist, a good husband, a good father, an honest, upright man in his dealings with men, a kind neighbour in sickness, but has no religion. So of a woman, she sees well to the ways of her house, eats not the bread of idleness, is an excellent wife and mother, and seems to take delight in the cares and duties of her family, remembers the poor, and is ready to watch with, and nurse the sick; but she has no religion. But if male or female will join some church, attend every conference meeting far and near, talk a great deal about the concern they feel for poor immortal souls, for fear they will go to hell, appear to be in wonderful distress about what will become of the

poor benighted people of India in a future world; if their children are half naked, and half starved in the streets, such people have got religion!!

"These remarks are not made with a desire to lessen the genuine exercises of piety and devotion, but with a view to recommend the common duties of life as inseparably connected with true religion."—*Boston paper.*

ON RICHES.

Riches seem at present to be the aim of all mankind, and a man's character and reputation is formed only from what he possesses. Honesty is now hidden in the obscure paths of life; while vice blazons forth in the seat of affluence; every virtue, every generous passion of the heart is suppressed and the love of gold reigns supreme within the breast. Driven to feed the greedy hand of avarice, the scanty coffers of the poor are searched, and they are stripped of their little all. But O Heavens! who would imagine that this lustful passion should ever find an abode within the tender bosom of the fair, alas! too many instances of this fatal truth daily present themselves, how often do we see the lovely maid with all the charms of youth and beauty married to a sordid wretch, whose grey hairs shew him to be bordering on the grave, and who has nothing to recommend him but his treasure. Can such an union spring from love? it springs from a love of gold, her heart was captivated with his riches, from them she expected lasting enjoyment. How mortifying, how degrading, is it to think that this baneful passion should have so much influence in the world. When a rich man speaketh, every one holdeth his tongue, and lo! what he saith they extol to the skies: But if a poor man speak, say "What fellow is this?" He who has nothing but merit to recommend him is despised, while he who, though ignorant, possesses riches, is universally respected.

SUNDAY.

The daily occurrences of a week of business absorb the mind so much, that were it not for the regular return of Sabbath the majority of human beings would nearly forget that any thing else was necessary in this world, but money when it is needed, provisions when hungry, clothing to cover, luxuries to feed our pampered appetites. But christianity has consulted the wants of man, and the weakness of his nature, by the institution of one day in seven.

How happy the virtuous man must feel to escape from the trammels of a bad world to one day of sober reflection, or pious indulgence, or of religious consolation! The mariner, who after a week of storms and gloom, happens to spend one day on the sunny shore of some verdant island that rises out of the main, cannot feel more grateful for his good fortune, than he, who having weathered the misgivings of the week,

sits down in his own pew, in his own church, and joins in the service and praise of his great Maker.

PRAISE AND CENSURE.

The world, some people say, is censorious—and it is, to a certain extent, true. But the world sometimes compliments very highly—and I have a strong inclination to say, that its praises do more mischief than censures—I will say it.

Censure when applied where it is merited, often has a salutary effect. When bestowed where it is not deserved, it produces no injury on a well-regulated mind. The strong and prevailing disposition among people to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, needs some general corrective—and censure, though an unpleasant, is often, in these cases, a very wholesome medicine.

Praise, on the other hand, touches a more dangerous key—it nurses instead of suppressing the dangerous propensity to pride.

"He's a genius," people said of my young friend Alcanczor—and it got to Alcanczor's ears, as such things will in nine cases out of ten. The youth was promising fair for manhood—with industry and prudence to follow up the advantages he enjoyed, he would have become an ornament to society. But the idea of being a genius haunted him night and day. He put on a thousand ridiculous practices—became puffed up with vanity and self-conceit, and let slip all his golden opportunities in grasping after the foolish phantoms that flitted before his bewildered brain—He turned out a poor creature—Praise did the mischief.

"What a beautiful girl!" the young gentlemen used to say when they passed Jane Seymour's window and got a glance at her fine face and pretty figure. It was no wonder they called her beautiful, for she was so. But, persuade a young lady she is beautiful—very beautiful—and she must be a girl of extraordinary good sense if she don't let the thing run in her head to the exclusion of more profitable thoughts. Jane once cultivated her mind—was industrious and ingenious with her needle—bid fair to become an excellent housekeeper—and she would have been a rare prize if left to the guidance of her natural judgment. But she soon began to conclude that she was beautiful—that beauty compensated for every thing—and she neglected every thing else. Those of the beaux who were worth having, thought differently—the others she would not accept, and this misunderstanding lost her a husband. No sensible man ever thought a beautiful wife was worth as much as one who could make a good pudding—I wish all the girls knew this, for I feel a great interest in their welfare.

Praise has made more fools and coxcombs than censure ever made misanthropes. They are both good things in their exact places—

but it requires a great deal of judgment to place them there. When misapplied, the first flows generally from better feelings than the last—and it is a pity friends should do one another an injury. These axioms are indisputably correct—and ought to be always borne in mind.—*Emporium.*

A just estimate of the good and evil of life and the value of life itself, is of great importance in acquiring habits of constancy and fortitude. It is generally the case with mankind that they overrate the advantages of fortune—superiority of rank—the glitter of gold—and apparent ease and safety of others. Misguided by false opinions, they often behold these things as their ultimate good: clinging to them with the fondest attachment, unwilling to forfeit any hope of present or future advancement—or to incur discredit with the world, or to be lowered one step from the eminence on which they now stand—or the station they may possess. In this situation how many weights hang upon the mind, depressing its courage, and urging it, on many occasions, to bend to servile and dishonorable compliances. But let me ask, what true fortitude does that man possess—what worthy, generous or godlike purpose can he form, who considers loss of rank, or fortune, to be the chief evils of life or the heaviest afflictions man is called to suffer? Poise these in the scale of true honor, conscious virtue, the esteem of the truly pious—and the favor of your Father in heaven; with peace and serenity of mind, and a hope of everlasting life and eternal happiness beyond the grave, and then let me ask, whether those minor dreaded evils are of sufficient weight to counterbalance the latter, or to intimidate you from pursuing the path of duty? If you would form a true estimate of human life and human things, you must look beyond *external appearances*; and never suffer yourself to be imposed upon by the gilded varnish which floats upon the surface of the world, merely to dazzle the inconsiderate and vulgar. Look abroad into the world, and reflect how many are contented and happy *without* those advantages of fortune, on which too many set so high a value. Would you be likely to be happy with them—if, in exchange, you forfeit all that is truly estimable in the world?—*Zion's Herald.*

CHARITY. Of all things put on charity. Whether it be in the common concerns of life, in religion, or in politics, charity is equally bright—whether it be in community, in a society, or an individual, it appears with equal lustre; and is equally honourable. It is commonly deemed charitable to give to the poor; to alleviate the distress of the unfortunate; to bind up the broken heart, and be a friend to those on whom the world casts its frowns. But all these things may be done without a particle of that spirit, which is the essence

of charity. The rich may scatter their gold, as the rains fall, on the righteous and on the unrighteous; they may extend a liberal hand to the wants of others, but if it be not accompanied by a corresponding spirit, they have no claim to charity. It is not the donation itself which constitutes it—it is the manner of bestowing it, and the spirit which prompts to that bestowment. And if it be good to relieve the wants of the needy, how much better is it to pass the failings of our fellow with a sigh for their existence, instead of a sneer for their committal. It is good, very good, to give to those who need our gifts; but it is better, far better, to forgive those who need our forgiveness. Man is frail—human nature is weak—and those who contrive to pass as spotless among the crowd, are more indebted to the absence of temptation, or to their own distaste for the more glowing species of folly, than to any virtues implanted in their breasts. But neglecting to take this view of themselves, they are prone to attribute to others' vices, against which, they suppose they have of themselves borne up, and for which; they have consequently no charity. There are none, at all times, free from error—and none always erroneous. All are liable to be drawn into the same vortex of crime—all may at some time need the same boon they bestow.—Is it not well, then, while we strive to keep the path of rectitude, to cover with the best of mantles, the faults of those who err, that we, in our turn, may have the benefit of its folds?—*Fall River Monitor.*

PROVIDENCE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1827.

"Earnestly contend for the faith."

Rev. Mr. Weems.—A person who has been recently preaching in several of the orthodox churches in Boston and Salem, has been lately apprehended and committed to jail for stealing, at different times, various articles of merchandise. The stolen goods were found ornamenting the bodias of a number of women of ill fame in Boston, to whom he had presented them. Are we to infer from this, that orthodoxy leads to licentiousness?

Ch. Intel.

SUICIDE. On Monday, the 28th ult. Mr. Samuel Townsend of Sidney, in this County, committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn. He was a man of gloomy temperament, his mind had been for some time disordered and occasionally he was deranged. We have understood that he was a believer in endless misery, and that it was to a strong belief in that sentiment, that much of the despondency is attributable which finally induced him to put a period to his burdensome existence.—*Int. & Chronicle.*

REVIEW OF DR. EMMONS' SERMON. *On the Character and Destiny of Judas Iscariot.*

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109.)

To shield his favorite scheme of election and reprobation from the very weighty objection which is frequently urged against it, to the great discomfiture of its advocates; namely—that it “implies that God brings some men into a state, that is worse than non-existence, which is inconsistent with his goodness”—the Dr. says, “It is readily granted, that God does bring some men into existence in a state worse than non-existence. He did so in respect to Judas.” And to prove this, he introduces the words of his text—“It had been good for that man if he had not been born.” But does this text obviate the difficulty, or in any way invalidate the objection above stated? We cannot see that it affects the objection in the least possible degree. It is only fleeing to a palpable absurdity, in order to cover the grossest deformity of the Calvinistic and Hopkinsian creed. It is taking for granted, what is directly contrary to fact; namely—that *birth and existence* mean the same thing: Whereas, facts fully demonstrate, that *existence or life is always prior to birth, and births often occur without the life* of the subject. This text, therefore, is evidently dragged into the Doctor's service; and he may think himself fortunate if it should not prove a thorn in his hand. Let the Dr. compare this language with that which was employed by Job, and the prophet Jeremiah, and he will instantly discover, that in order to render it of any advantage to his darling hypothesis, he must include both these venerable servants of God in his decree of reprobation to interminable damnation! A disposition which few men, in the exercise of their reason, would be willing to make of these ancient worthies: And one, which, if admitted, sets at naught the solemn declaration of Jesus—“Ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God.” St. Luke xiii. 28. The reader is earnestly requested to read with care and attention the bitter complaints of Job and Jeremiah, and he will, we are assured, be furnished with the fullest conviction, that the language which they employed in cursing the day of their birth and wishing that they had never been born, militates more strongly against the salvation of these venerable servants of God, than the Doctor's text does against the future salvation of Judas Iscariot. The passages which should be particularly examined, are the 3d chapter of Job, and the 20th chapter of Jeremiah, 14th and 18th verses inclusive. And after reading these passages attentively, and comparing them with the words of the Doctor's text, we have no manner of doubt as to the result of his conclusions, if he will but allow himself to be candid: For they completely invalidate the objection to the salvation of Judas, which is predicated upon the words which the Dr. has selected for his text. It may be useful here to remark, that when any great temporal calamity befel an individual, it was customary among the Jews to adopt the phrase which the Saviour employed concerning Judas: “It had been good for that man if he had not been born.”

Before we dismiss this text, we shall offer a brief explanation of its true application, because we feel convinced that our readers may derive assistance from the views we shall submit for their consideration.

In St. Matthew x. 1-8, we are furnished with an account of Christ's calling his twelve disciples, giving them commission to preach the gospel, and furnishing them with miraculous powers—“And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease. Now the names of the twelve apostles are these: the first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother; Philip, and Bartholomew; Thomas, and Matthew the publican; James the son of Alphaeus; and Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddæus; Simon the Canaanite; and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him. These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, go not into the way of the Gentiles, and

into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not: But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give.” Here the reader should keep in mind the fact, that the illustrious Founder of christianity particularly mentions Judas as one of the disciples:—In chapter xix. 28, he addresses these disciples indiscriminately, as having followed him in the regeneration, and imparts to them the animating promise of future exaltation; namely—that of “sitting on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.” Compare this passage with its parallel, in St. Luke xxiii. 28-30.

We have shown that Judas had been regenerated, or born again by a spiritual birth, through which he was introduced to an acquaintance with the character, mission, and will of his Master, and knew the way of righteousness. It was therefore unquestionably *this birth* to which the Saviour alluded. And it is easy to discover, that as this was a birth of the understanding, in the knowledge of the truth, and of the way of righteousness, it would have been better for him at that time to have been a stranger to that birth: For “that servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, shall be beaten with many stripes.” And St. Peter tells his brethren, “it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them.” And the reason is obvious to every attentive observer; because they would be liable to sink into the same or greater depravity than that which marked their former career, and subject themselves to greater punishment, to more poignant affliction than they had before experienced! This was the moral condition of the unfortunate Judas: For when he understood the nature of his obligation to the Saviour, and to all men, he departed from the holy commandment, and yielding to the influence of his passions, was precipitated into a gulf of wretchedness, to him unknown before!

Hence we see, that upon a fair construction of the words of Christ, nothing prejudicial to the final happiness of this disciple can be inferred from them. We shall not arrogate to ourselves the authority of prescribing neither the degree nor the duration of his punishment; but leave this as the prerogative of divine justice, guided and tempered by infinite wisdom and benevolence: Resting assured that the Supreme Ruler of the universe will administer no more punishment to his offending children than will ultimately terminate for their welfare. For we are taught by the faithful word of inspiration, that he “will not cast off forever: But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies: For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.”

We have now attended carefully to the sentiments of Dr. E's sermon, examined all his principal reasons in favour of his scheme of election and reprobation, and opposed such arguments to his views as we have thought their merits required. What now remains to be considered, is his scriptural objections to the salvation of this Apostle; or, rather, what he appears to consider as proofs of his interminable wretchedness, and to lay before our readers the positive evidence of his salvation.

As this review is not written to disprove the sentiments of Dr. E's sermon alone, but to meet and remove, in the public mind, all the popular objections to the salvation of this disciple, it will be expected that we shall consider, not only those passages of scripture which the Dr. supposes to militate against the salvation of Judas, but such others as may be supposed to labour in the public mind as objections to the same point.

We shall begin with a notice of a passage on which we have before had occasion to offer a few remarks, and which the Dr. himself acknowledges to be only a figurative expression of the Saviour: “Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?” This was spoken in reference to Judas.

It may be proper here to inquire: Was Judas a devil by nature, or by practice? If by nature, then it follows that the Saviour chose

a devil for a disciple, an apostle, an associate, a preacher of his gospel, a familiar friend, and that he trusted in him, and often communed with him! For the words of David, recorded in Psalms xli. 9—"Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me;" is applied, by the Saviour himself, to Judas Iscariot, in St. John xiii. 18. It therefore follows, that if Judas was a devil by nature, devils by nature are the familiar friends and confidants of the Son of God! As such a conclusion would be blasphemy, we are left to inquire—was he a devil by practice? The supposition that he was such, at the time he is declared to be the friend, associate and confidant of Christ, would be equally as absurd and wicked as the former conclusion: But why, it will be asked, was he called a devil by the Redeemer? We answer—He was called a devil by the Saviour, prophetically, in reference to the period when he received the *sop* and conceived in his heart the dark design of betraying his Master. Should this appellation, however, be thought to militate against the salvation of Judas, after the explanation which we have given; we would remind our readers that the destiny of the apostle Peter is rendered equally deplorable by the same authority: For Christ said to him, "Get thee behind me, SATAN; thou art an offence unto me; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men." Now it is perfectly well known that all professed christians believe in the salvation of Peter, notwithstanding this appellation. Therefore, in order to preserve the least shadow of consistency, all christians must admit that an application of the same, or a similar epithet, to Judas, can be no objection to his salvation.

Having before noticed the objection to the salvation of Judas, which is founded upon his being called the son of perdition, and shown that it forms no serious barrier to the restoration and final happiness of this disciple; we shall not trouble the reader with farther remarks upon that particular form of expression.

The prospect of Judas' salvation is thought by some to be extremely doubtful, in consequence of his being called a thief. St. John xii. 6. But this objection appears to be exceedingly weak; for every man who has paid any proper attention to his Bible must have seen that Christ said to the thief on the cross, "this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Hence it follows, that if a man's being a thief precludes the prospect of his salvation, the words of Christ, above quoted, are wholly unworthy of confidence! This objection, therefore, is fairly invalidated. It may be proper, however, to remark in this place, that the Greek word (KLEPTES) here rendered thief, may, with equal authority be rendered, a drone bee—a soldier—a slave—a servant—a footman: And it requires no extraordinary degree of discernment to see that one of these renderings would be far more honourable to the character of Christ than that which would impress the English reader with the belief that Judas was a thief—For it is admitted that Christ "knew what was in man;" and if he knew that Judas was a thief, and yet continued him in the ministry as an apostle, the natural and unavoidable inference would be, that he was very little, if any better than Judas himself! The popular rendering of this word, therefore, we think, must be viewed, by the candid, as an unhallowed reproach upon the character of the Saviour.

The last, and what has been considered the most forcible objection to the salvation of Judas, has been predicated upon the words of Christ, St. Matthew xxvii. 5—"He went and hanged himself." He has therefore been charged with the crime of suicide: And this charge is gravely brought against him by Dr. E.

We cannot forbear to express our astonishment, that the Dr. who sustains the reputation of an eminent Greek scholar, should ever have urged this as an objection against the salvation of this erring and unfortunate disciple: For we think he must have known that the received rendering is altogether a forced construction of the original text. The Greek word, *apekrazto*, here rendered hanged, literally signifies, was choked, strangled, stifled, or suffocated. Every man of common sense can readily discover that neither of these terms necessarily signifies the crime of suicide.—And we are surprised

that men of literary fame should attempt to palm upon the uninformed, what it seems to us mysterious that they themselves should not feel constrained to acknowledge is a barbarous translation of the original text.

We have now considered all the passages on which the Dr. and his friends place their principal dependence for the unceasing damnation of Judas, and find that they contain no evidence of such a destiny. What now remains is to lay before our readers some direct proofs of his salvation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EUCHARIST OR LORD'S SUPPER.

The probability is that the brethren of our Faith, will differ with me on this subject by questioning its propriety. This I infer from the silence with which it was treated when a general invitation was given to the brethren to take it into consideration in the 24th No. vol. v. of the *Intelligencer*. Being at that time unacquainted with their views and feelings on this subject, I waited with some degree of impatience, to hear its propriety vindicated but waited in vain. The silence increased my anxiety to know their opinion as a body of christians on this solemn sacramental institution, which is received and observed by most of the different denominations in the religious world.

Having been brought up in the *Calvinistic Order* from my earliest childhood and educated in all the inconsistencies of "divine decrees, election and reprobation," and having been but a short time in the enjoyment of truth that maketh "free indeed," perhaps my mind is not wholly extricated from the early impressions of an erroneous faith. If therefore, I have been so unfortunate as to have dragged along with me any false notions into a faith more lenient and heavenly; or if I am ignorantly grafting a poisonous branch of a dying doctrine on the fair "olive tree" of gospel peace and mercy, I wish to be corrected.—With such feelings, I proceed to offer a few remarks.

That the Eucharist was celebrated by Christ and his Apostles in due form and solemnity, on the evening preceding that eventful day, when the mournful transactions on Calvary were to be exhibited to the world, will be denied by none. As a last impressive symbol of friendship and love, he laid before them the august, imposing ceremony, that typified the termination of his earthly career. With a knowledge of human nature that reflects honor even on the Son of God, he chose the still hours of night, when the mind is most susceptible of lasting impressions, to institute the Commemoration of his dying love. Every circumstance, that is calculated to kindle in the mind the flame of pure meditation and to inspire the most devout emotions of soul, was here combined.

All nature wrapt in the silent shades of night, the parting hour, the garden of Gethsemane, the Roman soldiers, the mocking Jews, the crown of thorns, the nails and cross, the constancy of his soul amid the most excruciating tortures, his love and compassion for his enemies, and the noble aspirations of soul he breathed for his murderers, all centre in this rite. It is a simple form, but pregnant with the most sublime impressions of heavenly goodness, and rendered so by the Son of God, who combined in it such circumstances as cannot fail to effect the heart of every humble recipient. These must be brought home to the bosom of every one who worthily partakes of these sacred emblems.

Perhaps it may be said, that we can bring home to our hearts the whole impressive scene without the form. If this be so, why then, on the same principle, cannot the Christian receive as lively and adoring impressions of God in contemplating the beauties of creation in a gloomy cell, as in the flowery fields? Does not the mind receive impressions corresponding to the objects that surround it? If this be granted, the argument in its favour is conclusive: for no circumstances can be arranged, no objects selected and combined that are more adapted to awaken in the mind, a sense of the "love of God that passeth understanding," than those that cluster around the sacramental feast of our Lord.

When we see a fellow-sufferer dissolved in tears, petitioning our mercy, does it not infuse the same feelings of sympathy in us? Yes. Would it have the same impression on our hearts, if we simply heard that such a circumstance had transpired? No. Does it produce the same impressions on our hearts and *purses* towards the starving Grecian mothers and their dependent children to be assured of their sufferings, as it would if we were present at the scene of distress and heard their mourning supplications? No. *Here* (perhaps) we would give one dollar, but *there* the last farthing, and then covet other fortunes to give. The nearer the reality is portrayed to our senses by figures or emblems, the more *interested* are our feelings, and the more *lasting* our impressions.

We celebrate the Fourth of July to stimulate us and the rising generation to feelings of patriotism, by recounting former deeds of glory, and thus transmit the flame of '76 to posterity. We visit the grave yard, the rendezvous of the dead, (till a resurrection morn;) pass slowly on, draw sigh for sigh, contemplate our own frailty, and feel our minds completely conquered by the melancholy objects we survey. The tomb, the theatre, the dark dungeon, the blooming fields, the changing seasons, prosperity and adversity; yes, every object, in the universe, produces in our minds impressions corresponding to it. The feelings of man are affected by the season of the year. In the Spring when the sun revisits our fields, and calls all nature to awake and come forth, to flourish anew; when the songsters return and fill the groves with melody and ten thousand insects rejoice in a momentary existence, man is instinctively roused from melancholy and gloom that the fading autumn and dreary winter had imperceptibly impressed on his mind, and involuntarily joins the general burst of joy. His nature is so constituted that he "rejoices with them that do rejoice, and weeps with them that weep." This being the fact, the sacrament will also have an impression on our minds corresponding to the solemnity of the emblems before us. But do you say that the emblems are not the *reality* and are therefore useless? Then the celebration of the Fourth of July and the commemoration of every other glorious event are unworthy to be transmitted to posterity by such outward forms. We might as well enter a dungeon to contemplate the beauties of creation, as to go forth among them, when they blush and look upon us in all their glory. But do you say that they are real? No, dear reader, as it respects religion they are but emblems through which we contemplate Deity and raise our souls to Him. "The heavens declare the glory of God;" still they do not speak in an audible voice, but emblematically declare it, the same as the words you now read are but signs declaring to you our ideas. Do you contend that forms are useless? Then abol-

ish all forms. Singing is but a form of worship, expressing the tender, yet joyful emotions of the soul. Therefore read your hymns and dispense with singing, that heavenly emblem, elevating the affections to God. Or even reading is but a form, therefore dispense with it. Prayer is the desire of the heart. To coin those desires into words is but the form. Dispense with it. The outward observance of the Sabbath in the sanctuary, and of a day of public thanksgiving and prayer are all form, therefore abolish the whole; and let every thing be retained in the silence of the spirit. This would be reducing a world of loquacious beings to mutes. But if forms impress the heart, or if emblems bring home the reality with more force, and leave on the mind more lasting impressions by their exhibitions, then they ought to be used. As long therefore as we are clothed with earthly forms, let us cheerfully consent to adopt them. We mean those that are calculated to make solemn impressions on our minds, and raise our thoughts with veneration to heaven. Among these (in my humble opinion) the Lord's supper is one, in the administration of which we mutually call to mind his dying love, with a full assurance that his sacred hands were once employed in distributing such emblems to his disciples enjoining them to do it in remembrance of him. And that the injunction is applicable to his followers generally, we will quote the words of Paul to the Corinthians.

"For I have received of the Lord, that which I also delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks he brake it, and said, take, eat: this is my body which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup when he had supped, saying, this cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as often as you drink in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye show the Lord's death till he come."

Ch. Intelligencer.

A REVERIE.

Night was veiling with its dusky mantle the varied face of nature—the bright objects of day were now gloomy and indistinct—I sat before a fire which threw a fitful gleam upon the opposite wall—contemplation had chosen this time as peculiarly her own—the thoughts of years that are gone, crowded upon my mind—I was again in the walks of youth—youth! season of comparative innocence—when the angel of hope covers the mind with her golden wings—when the tear of grief seldom dims the laughing eye—when "sorrow may endure for a night," but when the morning sun will bring with him the light of consolation and rekindle the glow of joy. Where is the man who can look back upon thy days of peace, without

a pensive feeling? If there be such a man, I envy him not—he has little sensibility. What has become of those, whose youthful hands we pressed with youthful ardor—around whose necks our arm was fondly thrown—whose mirth, whose pains we shared, whose wrongs we were ever ready to avenge—in whom we confided—for the influence of the dark spirit of suspicion was then unfelt! Some of them have been gathered to the mansions of death, in the spring of their days, while they "dreamed" of "many a morrow gay—some upon whose devoted heads the storm of misfortune has pitilessly pelted, have sought far from their homes a foreign grave—some have quaffed the cup which smiling pleasure offered—they are now treading with hasty footsteps the broad road whose end is ruin—some have been "marked" by "melancholly for her own," and move through life "in helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart."—Some are far away—tossed on the stormy ocean, or pursuing fortune in other climes, exposed to death from the roaring wave, or inhaling the pestilential breeze. Of how few can it be said—their path has always been prosperous? Those may be considered as fortunate, and should be contented who can say, we float along the stream of time—it is now gentle and calm—now rough and turbulent, its banks are often adorned with gay and beautiful landscapes—though our prospects are sometimes bounded by dark and barren rocks—as we advance we are still greeted with smiling spots of verdure, but long tracts of cheerless sterility too frequently meet our gaze. Happy is he whose bosom is swayed, and whose actions are directed by the expectation of a haven of illimitable felicity.—N. Y. American.

DEDICATION.

The new Universalist meeting-house in Turner was dedicated to the service of "the living God, who is the Saviour of all men," on Wednesday the 13th inst. We hope to be able to give an account of that interesting service next week. Ch. Intel.

At a celebration of the anniversary of a British Farming Society, some years ago, a clergyman, who was a member, read a very pleasant essay to prove that the best animal that could be brought upon a farm, was—a good wife.

Longevity in Russia.—From the list of the births and deaths published by the Synod in St. Petersburg, it appears that in 1825, there died 848 persons above 100 years of age, 32, above 120, 4 between 125 and 130, and 4 between 130 and 135 years of age.

Lord Kelly had a remarkable red face.—One day Foote solicited him to look over his garden wall to ripen his melons.

NEW PAPER.

We have received the first No. of a new Universalist paper, entitled the **DAY STAR**. It is published semi-monthly at Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co. N. Y. The present No. is ably written, and handsomely executed.—We wish it, and its enterprising publishers, much success.

POETRY.

I have never seen the righteous forsaken.

DAVID.

I've seen the heir of guilt and woe,
And marked his wandering eye;
I've seen the tear of anguish flow,
And heard the mournful sigh.

I've seen the victim of despair,
A prey to want and sin;
I've watched his brow, when sternly there
Was stamp'd the curse within.

I've seen the lordling roll in state,
And swell with bloating pride;
I've seen when at the poor man's gate,
The wretched outcast died.

I've seen the youth whom pleasure's round
Have early taught to stray;
And those that by intemperance found
The flowery, fatal way—

These I have seen but never yet
Have marked the child of prayer
Abandoned by his God, to eat
The bitter bread of care.

Troy Budget.

TEARS.

Ye are a sweet and gentle relief
To the heart by sorrow bowed,
When ye moisten the eye of care and grief,
Like rain from the bursting cloud;
For the soul no more by pain o'erprest,
Sinks as a child to its peaceful rest.

Ye come at Pity's plaintive call
With your warmly gushing flow,
And the gems that blaze in the monarch's hall
Have nought like your diamond glow;
For ye are the pearls to mortals given,
With the hallowed hues and hopes of Heaven.

Yet holier far the tears that flow
From the eye by guilt o'ercast,
When mercy her shadowy mantle throws
O'er the sins of the days that are past;
For ye come in the streamlets so soft and clear
That ye seem the gifts of a holier sphere.

New-York Times.

Married.

In this town, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Henry Jerauld, of Seekonk, Ms. to Miss Louisa Roberts, youngest daughter of Capt. Duty Roberts, of this town.

In Stafford, Conn. by Rev. Zelotes Fuller, Rev. Daniel P. Fuller, to Miss Adaline T. Cady, daughter of Isaac F. Cady, Esq.

Died.

In this town, 15th inst. suddenly, Miss Mary May, aged 25, formerly of Newport.

Same day, Mrs. Elizabeth Bradley, aged 74.

Same day, Harriet Ellen, infant daughter of Capt. Wm. Comstock, aged 16 months.

On Sunday morning, Mr. Zebediah Lotthrop, in the 19th year of his age.

On Wednesday afternoon, after a short but severe illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Elizabeth Beverly, wife of Mr. Gideon Beverly, in the 60th year of her age. She has left an affectionate husband and six children to mourn an irreparable loss.

On board the sloop Rising Sun, on her passage from Baltimore, where he had been for the benefit of his health, Christopher Hill, Esq. of this town.

LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Just received, and for sale at 110 1-2, Westminster-street, a work entitled "*The Light of Truth and Pleasure of Light.*"

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

To those of our patrons who have not paid their subscriptions for the year, we beg leave to say, that upon its prompt remittance entirely depends our future success. The amount to each individual may perhaps seem small, and is no doubt frequently delayed on that account. But upon those sums, trifling as they may be, we depend for the payment of larger debts, and we trust nothing more is necessary to induce them to remit their several dues immediately, than the knowledge of this fact. Up to this time three quarters of our yearly expenses are due, and the printer and paper maker want their pay, which we cannot give them but by the aid of our patrons. We have as yet received but a trifling part of the year's subscriptions. We beg once more, that all who are in arrears will comply with our terms immediately, and by so doing they will confer a favour on us, and render the expense less to themselves.

Subscribers who may wish to discontinue their papers at the close of the Volume, will please to remember, that agreeable to our terms, as stated in a former No. unless notice is given to the publishers at least one month previous to the close of one volume, of their wish to discontinue their subscriptions, they will be considered as subscribers for the next. No application of this kind will be attended to "until arrearages are paid."

We respectfully solicit the aid of all friendly to the spread of liberal christianity, in our labours, either by procuring us subscribers, or by furnishing us with such communications as will be conducive to the interest of the work. PUBLISHERS.

IN THE PRESS.

A SERMON, on the Perdition of Judas, by Nathanael Emmons, D. D. of Franklin, Mass. and a REVIEW of the same, by Rev. David Pickering, of Providence, R. I.

The above Sermon and Review will shortly be published together, in pamphlet form, by consent of the authors.

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May 26, 1826.

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